Old man. I my Lord.

Glost. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way to Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked soule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.

Old man. Alacke sir he is mad.

Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,
Aboue the rest, be gone.

Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowst thou the way to *Douer*?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnesse,
Mahu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of Mobing,
And *Mohing* who since possesses chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee master.

Glo. Here take this purse, thou whom the heauens plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heauens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder excesse,
And each man haue enough: dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I master.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And

And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare,
With something rich about me,
From that place shall I no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore Tom shall lea

Enter Gonorill and Bastard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild
Not met vs on the way: now, where's your M

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so cha
of the Army that was landed, he smiled at it, I t
coming, his answer was, the worse; of *Glosters*
the loyall seruice of his sonne, when I enformd
me for, and told me I had turnd the wrong si
should most desire, seemes pleasant to him, wha

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish curre of his spirit
That dares not vndertake, heel not feele wrong
Which tye him to an answer, our wishes on th
May proue effects, backe *Edmund* to my broth
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers,
I must change armes at home, and giue the dist
Into my husbands hands; this trusty seruant
Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like t
If you dare venter in your owne behalfe
A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,
Decline your head: this kisse if it durst speake,
Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre;
Conceiue, and faryewell.

Bast. Yours in the rankes of death.

Gon. My most deare Gloster, to thee woman
My foote vsurpes my head.

Stew. Madame, heere comes my Lord.